### "Where Shall We Land?"

All listlessly we float
Out seaward in the boat
That beareth love.
Our sails of purest snow
Bend to the blue below
And to the blue above.
Where shall we land?

We drift upon a tide
Shoreless on every side
Save where the eye
Of fancy sweeps far lands
Shelved slopingly with sands
Of gold and porphyry.
Where shall we land?

The fairy isles we see
Loom up so mistily—
So vaguely fair,
We do not care to break
Fresh bubbles in our wake
To bend our course for there.
Where shall we land?

The warm winds of the deep
Have lulled our sails asleep,
And so we glide,
Careless of wave or wind,
Or change of any kind,
Or turn of any tide.
Where shall we land?

We droop our dreamy eyes
Where our reflection lies
Steeped in the sea,
And in an endless fit
Of languor smile on it
And its sweet mimicry.
Where shall we land?

"Where shall we land?" God's grace!
I know not any place
So fair as this—
Swung here between the blue
Of sea and sky, with you
To ask me, with a kiss,
"Where shall we land?"

—*J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis News.*

## THE MAN-EATER.

Some years ago I was riding with a friend through the streets of Lucknow, when, in the middle of the road we came upon a bloody mass, apparently the remains of a woman, but bruised and lacerated, and crushed almost out of semblance to humanity.

Stopping the buggy, we looked around for some explanation, and then perceived that the streets were utterly deserted of man, woman, child and beast, although a few scared and cautious faces were to be seen peeping from the doors and windows, or over the parapets of the houses.

"There must have been an attempt at a riot, and the soldiers have made an example or two for the benefit of the remainder," said my friend, as we drove hurriedly on.

A few rods further we came upon the corpse of a young man similarly disfigured and also lying in the middle of the road.

"This is really awful. They must have made the elephants kill him," muttered my friend again, stopping the horse and gazing at the frightful spectacle.

At this moment a man appeared upon the top of an adjoining house, and looked anxiously down the street. To him my friend shouted, and he cried:

"Pardon, sahibs, but the boy was my boy, and the house is desolate. By the teeth of Kali, but he has turned this way again. Take care of yourselves, sahibs, he is coming. The man-eater is upon you!"

"The *admee kanawallah!* the man-eater! I have seen him. He is a horse with the temper of a tiger and the courage of a man. He belongs to the king, who sometimes sends a slave who displeases him into the stable. They drag the body out with hooks."

As he spoke my friend was hastily turning his horse, while the terrified syce, who had hitherto run beside the buggy, scampered off to the side of the road and disappeared, I know not where.

At the foot of the hill we had just ascended both my friend and I had noticed a sort of park, or pleasure-ground, surrounded with a high iron fence, its gates standing hospitably open. Toward these gates we now drove at the top speed of our horses, while behind us, on the road, thundered the iron hoofs of our pursuer. Once the sound ceased, and standing up, I looked over the top of the buggy to see if he had left us. But he had only encountered a child, too young to know its danger or to escape it, and when I caught sight of him, the savage beast was shaking the poor little object in its mouth, precisely as a dog does a rat. Another moment and he had dropped it, and was again in pursuit of us. That moment's pause, however, had lost him his prey, for just as he was about to overtake us, we turned into the inclosure, my friend leaped from the buggy, slammed the gates, and shot the heavy bolt securing them.

As he did so the man-eater arrived and hurled himself against the gates with a shock that must have shattered them had they been of wood.

Then he stood for an instant glaring savagely at us through the iron railing with distended nostrils and glaring eyeballs, his head covered with blood, his jaws streaming with recent slaughter, great clots of coagulated gore clinging to his cheeks, as horrible a sight as can well be conceived.

At the sound of his ferocious whinnying and snorting the horse we had been driving trembled and cowered as if at the roar of a lion.

For a few moments the man-eater persisted in his determination to assault us, galloping up and down in front of the inclosure, glancing at the height of the fence, and raining a perfect battery of blows from his iron heels upon the gates. At last, however, convinced of the uselessness of his efforts, he turned, with an indignant neigh, and galloped off down the road. A little below us an archway had been thrown from one house to another, and upon this arch a number of troopers stood awaiting the opportunity now presented, for as the horse, with head and tail erect, and wildly glaring eyes, searching upon every side for fresh victims, passed beneath the arch, a rope skillfully thrown settled upon his neck, choked and threw him.

The next day the king ordered the man-eater to be turned into the arena with Burrhea, his finest Bengal tiger.

The arena was a courtyard about sixty yards square, surrounded by buildings, with a veranda below and a gallery above.

The front of this veranda was closed by a heavy bamboo railing, and behind it, in a space just below the royal balcony, the ladies of the harem, or as they are called in Hindoostanee, the purdah-beebees, meaning literally curtain ladies, as distinguished from the poorer class of females, were allowed to peep as they could at the combat.

The man-eater had been enticed into the inclosure by means of a country horse of small value, to whom he manifested no animosity, but seemed to regard with contemptuous indulgence as a creature not, indeed, of his own kind, but sufficiently near it to secure him from the ferocious attacks he reserved for the inferior race called man.

While the horses sported together, Burrhea's cage was brought into the veranda, just opposite where the king and his court were now seated, a door in the bamboo railing was thrown open, and the front of the cage raised.

Burrhea, who had been kept without food or drink for the last twenty-four hours, waited for no second bidding, but leaped at one bound from the cage down to the middle of the courtyard, lashing his sides with his long tail, and glaring furiously at the horses, while his glossy and beautifully-striped coat shone like satin, contrasting strongly with the frowsy hair of the tattoo, or native horse, and making even the man-eater's well-kept hide look dull and rough in comparison.

Glancing stealthily about him for a moment, the tiger commenced stealing toward the horses.

Admee-kanawallah fixed his eyes steadily upon the eyes of his opponent, and not for an instant did he take them off. Standing in an easy attitude, one foot slightly advanced, his head lowered, his ears flat upon his neck, he awaited the attack, but Burrhea, daunted, perhaps, by that steady gaze, swerved from the direct line of his approach and sidled toward the tattoo, who, paralyzed with fear, seemed incapable of making the least effort either for escape or resistance.

Arriving at the proper distance, Burrhea sprang, knocked his victim flat, alighted upon his side, and, with his teeth inserted in the poor creature's neck, greedily drank its blood.

"It will only make Burrhea the more savage," said the king, gleefully rubbing his hands, and the courtiers dutifully assented, exchanging glances of approbation and pleasure before turning to enjoy the further expected sport.

At length Burrhea was satisfied, or else no more blood was to be had, and taking his claws out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he began to creep stealthily around the courtyard like a cat stealing a march upon a mouse. He made no noise whatever, raising and placing his huge paws as silently as a rose leaf flutters to the ground.

It was not a scene to be forgotten. The king, with his courtiers, both European and Indian, about him in the gayly-decorated gallery above, the eyes and figures of the servants dimly seen peering through the railing of the veranda below, Burrhea making his stealthy rounds, while in the center of the courtyard stood the man-eater, slowly turning, as the tiger moved, so as always to keep his eyes fixed upon the glaring eyes of his opponent, his foreleg still advanced and slightly bent, his mane bristling, and his ears now erect and defiant.

The profound silence was interrupted only by the grating sound of the iron hoofs of the horse as he slowly turned in exact concert with the movements of the tiger.

At last, and without the slightest visible preparation, the tiger sprang, cutting the air like a flash of lightning, but the horse was prepared.

It had evidently been Burrhea's intention to seize the head and fore-quarters, but the man-eater was too quick for him, and by a sudden diving motion of his head and shoulders, received his antagonist upon his muscular haunches instead. The claws of the tiger sank deep in the flesh, while his hind feet made a desperate effort to secure a holding upon the horse's shoulders, but before this could be effected the man-eater lashed out with his iron heels with a resistless vigor that sent Burrhea sprawling upon the ground with a broken jaw.

The king seeing this, frowned, and gave orders to let the tiger out and turn in another. Another came, but he seemed unwilling to fight. All the efforts of the keepers failed to arouse him. The king was furious.

"Take away that fool of a tiger and bring in a lion!" screamed he, bending over the railing and menacing the tiger with his fist.

The trembling attendants hastened to raise the doors of railing and cage, and the tiger bounded in with infinitely more alacrity than he had shown in coming out.

There was a brief pause, and then the attendant at the door announced the keeper of the lions, who begged the audience of the king.

"Bring him in!" ordered his majesty.

The lion-master tremblingly advanced, and prostrating himself, announced that not one of the royal beasts under his charge was in fighting trim, one of them being sick, and the rest just finishing an unusually large repast.

"By the beard of my father, but you shall replace them yourself, wallah!" growled the king, whose ill-humor had reached its height. "Arm yourself with a tulwar and go in to fight the man-eater. Kill him, or he shall kill you."

A profound silence followed this command, which all who heard it understood as a sentence of death against the unfortunate man whose only offence consisted in having been too indulgent to the animals under his charge.

But in Oude to hear was to obey, even more blindly than in the East generally, and the lion-keeper, with his face blanched and his eyes rolling wildly, salaamed to the ground and withdrew.

At the same instant a slight noise was heard in the women's gallery below, and as some of us bent over to ascertain the cause, we saw one of the bamboo railings torn from its fastenings and a light figure fill the opening and leap lightly to the ground. It was Numah, a nautch girl, whom the king had just bought from the dishonest nautch wallah, with whom she had agreed to dance for a certain time. Her home, her lover, were now lost to her forever, and she sought to save the poor man's life at the cost of her own.

The king saw her as soon as any of us, and an expression of terror crossed his face, but immediately gave way to ferocious satisfaction.

"It is well done, Numah," shouted he. "Go and tell the admee-kanawallah your sorrows and your wrongs. He will console you."

The nautch girl turned and raised her eyes to the royal gallery.

"Death will comfort me, O king," said she, salaaming low, with the supple grace inseparable from her every movement. Then she walked firmly and fearlessly toward the man-eater, who watched intently her approach, and with neck and tremulous nostrils seemed to question her intentions.

Arrived within arm's length of him, Numah paused and sank upon her knees, crossing her arms and bowing her head as in submission to her fate.

A silence like that of death reigned throughout the place, broken at last by the grating sound of the horse's hoofs, as, cautiously moving them, he approached her step by step, and finally stood directly over her, his head grazing her shoulder, while nostril, eye and ear were evidently alert to satisfy the mind of their master.

"Ma halla! he will not hurt her," exclaimed the king; and indeed the man-eater had no intentions of so doing, for he was now resting his chin on the girl's shoulder, and whinnying with satisfaction.

Numah, more surprised than any one, raised her head, looked in the eyes of the animal, rose cautiously to her feet, and laid her hand upon his mane. The man-eater whinnied again and rubbed his head against her shoulder.

An irrepressible burst of applause filled the royal gallery, raised by the European spectators. After an instant's hesitation it was joined by the king.

"Shavash, Numah! Bravo, girl!" shouted he, clapping his hands. "You have conquered the conqueror of Burrhea and shall be rewarded. Nawab, see that Numah receives five thousand rupees and is sent back safe to her home with the horse."

### A Little Romance of Broadway.

Three pretty young girls from Jersey City had left the ferryboat to walk up to the Elevated road, says a New York letter, and unluckily were provided with only one whalebone and silk covering for their heads. The narrow sidewalk made it almost impossible for the three to walk abreast, and consequently one of them, who was addressed as Annie, received all the drippings from the eaves of the umbrella upon her unselfish head.

A gentleman walking just behind them noticed this, and tried, as unobtrusively as possible, to shelter her with his own. For a block or so she ignored the attempt, but finally was forced, in crossing the street, to accept the courtesy, which she did with an embarrassed bow. It happened that the youth had been well brought up, and understood her fear lest he should in any way take advantage of his courtesy to be impertinent, and being of a rather mischievous turn of mind, he waited until he caught her eye, as she looked slyly up, when, assuming that "far" look so often seen on the faces of the deaf and dumb, he pathetically touched his finger to his lips, and shook his head.

The girl looked so immensely relieved that he came near laughing right out; especially when announced that he was speechless she showed she wasn't by quietly observing to one of her friends, "Oh, Mary, isn't it too bad this handsome young man is deaf and dumb?"

Mary thought it was, and wondered how it was he ever got along in the world, and, much to the amazement of this knight of the umbrella, the three proceeded to discuss him girl-fashion, and from the color of his eyes to the cut of his clothes he was fully criticised, "Annie" deciding that, as a husband, he would be *sans reproche*, never swearing, never scolding, making silence golden.

When they reached the station the three girls bowed and smiled and grimaced their gratitude, when, to their profound horror, the youth, with a sweet smile, raised his hat, remarking, with painful distinctness, that he "was very happy to have been of service." With a suppressed shriek, the merry maids rushed up the winding stairs, and the youth walked on, whistling "Beautiful Is-er-bellar."

### How a Magician Was Shaved.

"An amusing experience was enjoyed by the Emperor of Brazil and his court during a trip that I made there," said Hermann, the magician, to a New York reporter. "The Emperor had requested me to give a seance at nine o'clock one morning. I kept him and his court waiting until ten, when I appeared before him.

"'How is this, Hermann?' he said. 'Is it a part of your magic to break appointments and keep us waiting in uncertainty?'

"'I beg your pardon, your grace,' I answered, humbly, 'but it is only nine o'clock, as you see by my watch.' I then displayed my timepiece, which told the hour as I said. The Emperor pulled out his watch. It was nine o'clock. The courtiers compared their timepieces. It was nine o'clock by all of them."

"That's a good story," observed the writer, skeptically.

"A good story and a true one," maintained the magician; "but it did not create the sensation I enjoyed a few days later. Donning a full-dress suit, I started for a high-toned barber shop, and said I was going to a ball and wanted the most careful artist in the shop. While the fellow was working up his soap and putting his razor in a fine state of perfection I whipped out a razor of my own and cut my throat. Blood spurted on the barber and on the floor, and I lay back dead. A yell rent the air, and the room was emptied in two seconds of tonsorial artists and gentlemen half shaved or waiting to be operated upon in coat sleeves. One man ran for the police, another for an ambulance and a doctor. A crowd gathered at the door and increased every moment. Meanwhile I came to, made my toilet, adjusted my tie and sallied forth in a very composed manner. The multitude could not understand the denouement and followed me for blocks, until I had to hail a carriage to escape their curiosity. My identity, however, was soon known through the city, and hundreds of people could not get in at my next performance, the house was so full. The barber thought I was more than a magician and would never shave me after that. In fact, I had to go where I was unknown in order to be shaved."

### Curious Stories of Said Pasha.

Many curious stories are told of Said, the predecessor of Ishmail Pasha, who has been kicked out of the khedive's chair at Cairo. The ruin of Egypt consummated by Ishmail dates from the reign of Said. One could fill a volume with the accounts of the eccentricities of this monarch. One day, not knowing how to reward a little service which one of his subjects had rendered him, he accorded to him, on his own suggestion, the monopoly of furnishing butter to the entire Egyptian army for one year. On quitting the palace the newly-made purveyor sold his privilege for $300,000. On another occasion he desired a garden which one of his officials possessed near the gates of Cairo. "How much did you pay for it?" asked he. "A million, your highness," was the prompt reply, an exaggeration by two-thirds of the real cost. "Very well, I will buy it of you." And the garden was paid for. This official had a son, a charming boy of seven years. "Bring me your son," said the khedive to him one day. The boy was brought. "Will you kiss me, little one?" asked the ruler, graciously. "No!" said the child, "No, for I detest you." "You detest me! and why?" "Because you have taken my mamma's garden, and now she does nothing but weep." Said smiled, stroked his chin—a favored gesture of his—then suddenly replied: "If I return it, your garden, then will you kiss me?" "Oh! yes, your highness!" "Very well, it is yours; embrace me!" By this means the functionary got his property back again, and realized a profit of $290,000.

### Making the Deaf Hear.

A new invention called the audiphone has recently been perfected. It is a simple affair, consisting of a fan of vulcanized rubber, slightly bent and held in tension by a silken cord, and placed in contact with the upper teeth. The thin rubber fan receives the vibrations and conveys them through the teeth. Hon. Joseph Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, says of the invention in a recent number of that paper: "It is known that the editor of this paper has been deaf for a number of years, and that during that time he has used all the devices for improving his hearing that he could hear of or that were brought to him. None of them were however, satisfactory. He has tried the audiphone for some weeks, and finds that it not only improves his hearing, but restores the sense of hearing to him. Not merely does it answer when engaged in conversation with a person who is a foot, or a few feet from him, but it answers perfectly at a concert. Each note of the musician and each tone of the singer come as clearly and distinctly as they did before the sense of hearing was impaired. Others have also tested this instrument, and have expressed themselves satisfied with its workings."

### YELLOW FEVER SEEN AS IT IS.

**Notes Taken by a Man who has been in Two Epidemics in Memphis.**

A letter from Memphis to the New York *Sun* says: Imagine, if you can, a beautiful city containing nearly 50,000 inhabitants suddenly almost depopulated, everybody taking flight on the appearance of one fatal case of yellow fever. On the tenth of July last I saw this hegira, and I wondered how men whom I knew and who stood by my side facing batteries and the rolling fire of musketry in the late war could become so terror-stricken at the announcement of a single death by yellow fever. It was not that case which inspired terror, however; it was the recollection of the horrors of the plague of 1878.

In Shelby street, immediately north of the old Gayoso Hotel, that hostelrie of the old regime in slaveholding, anti-war times, but now a rookery for the poorest of whites, is a row of one-story brick storehouses or shops. Mr. Frank Mulbrandon, a shoemaker, had a shop here, and dwelt at 204 De Soto street, some eight squares away. He was taken sick while standing at his shop door, and went home and in four days died, on the ninth of July. This was the death that frightened everybody, and led to the stampede.

As far as the outside world is concerned, we have nothing to do; we are shut up like an oyster in a shell by quarantine regulations all around us, except where a wail of sorrow and a cry for physicians and nurses comes from a shotgun self-quarantined country town, when a case of fever breaks out. Then Memphis breaks through the quarantine and supplies those sufferers as she does her own.

I have sat by the bedside of several patients within the past few weeks, and for hours fanned their fevered brows, have heard their ravings, and have had to engage in fierce struggles with them to keep them in bed when they made frantic efforts to break loose and rush out of the houses. The peculiar yellow fever smell pervades all things everywhere. It is recognized instantly by the expert.

The outline of a case of fever is as follows: A chill, pains in the back, across the loins, a desire to go to bed, an increasing feeling of sickness, feeling inward heat increasing rapidly, nausea of stomach. You go to bed, have fierce fever from seventy-two to ninety-eight hours, temperature ranging from 101 to 106, pulse at first high, then receding as the temperature increases, delirium, fever decreasing, sickness of stomach, black vomit, hiccoughs, suppression of urine, utter prostration, pulse down among the forties, probably a rise of fever with delirium and black vomit, again prostration, recovery of mind and convalescence or death. There are three stages of delirium—that which occurs when the fever rages and the temperature is at its highest, that which is cause by suppression of the urine, when the poison is absorbed. The fierce thirst is one of the peculiarities of the disease; you dream and rave of rushing waters, springs, fountains which are in your grasp but slip away ere you taste the cooling waters. It is the fever of Tantalus. When recovering every patient desires to buy a spring or a fountain at which forever to slake his thirst.

Many die easily, go calmly off to sleep, hardly having strength to raise the eyelids, but too many die a horrible death. They have to be held down in bed until the last gasp, and the scene after death is too horrible for description.

Another peculiarity of the disease is when the patient is in a state of delirium and is prevented from getting out of bed. Often he makes a desperate effort to bite those holding him. I have a lively recollection of thus having to exert nearly all my strength to hold a yellow fever patient in bed and keep him from biting me in the face. When he recovered reason he wept with anger at not being able to get up, but at last said: "Hello! Is that you? Let us lie down on the pillow and go to sleep." I was glad to do so.

Entire families have been swept away. When the fever once enters a dwelling it seems almost impossible for any member of the family to escape. The dirtiest people often escape, and the cleanliest are often stricken down. The fever continues to spread among both whites and colored. The latter are not so liable to take yellow fever as the former, and when they do take it their cases are lighter and their chances of recovery much greater. The large majority of colored people who are down with fever are mulattoes. The pure blooded African is hardly ever attacked.

The Howards supply nurses, visit the sick daily and nightly, send them physicians, medicine and supplies, and bury the dead when necessary. For all this they are not paid a dollar. It is a labor of humanity.

### Words of Wisdom.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick a good many stones.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—*Lavater.*

Speech is noble only when, like an honest money, it represents the gold of thought.—*W. M. Taylor.*

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

Improve the wit you have bought at a dear rate, and the wisdom you have gained by sad experience.—*Mason.*

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock in one's hand; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought to be of too little importance to be attended to.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.

Our system of thought is often only the history of our heart. Men do not so much will according to their reason as reason according to their will.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.—*Richter.*

### An Elephant Fair.

The great elephant fair of India is annually held at Sonepoor, on the Ganges. Thousands of horses and hundreds of elephants may then be seen, and the bargain driving and deceit of elephant sellers seem to be fully as great as the tricks of horse dealers in other places. The price of elephants have risen enormously of late years. In 1835 the price of elephants was $225 per head; on the Bengal government requiring seventy of these animals in 1875 the sum of $700 each was sanctioned, but not an elephant could be procured at that price. Seven hundred and fifty dollars is now the lowest rate at which young animals, and those chiefly females, can be bought. Tuskers of any pretensions command from $4,000 to $7,500, but the Koomeriah, or best strain of elephant—like blood horses—will fetch almost any price; $10,000 is not an unknown figure.

### Escaped the Rope.

One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranche further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the banks of a stream, his herd became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of a dozen mounted Texan rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

In those days one had better kill five men than to steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at his proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart for a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanation to make or business to do they would allow him ten minutes to do so, and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced: "How many of you have wives?" Two or three nodded. "How many of you have children?" They nodded again.

"Then I know who I am talking to and you'll hear me," and he continued: "I never stole any cattle; I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from New Hampshire; I failed there in the fall of '57 during the panic; I have been saving; I lived on hard fare; I have slept on the ground; I have no home here; my family remain East, for I go from place to place; these clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer; but this is a hard country; days seem like months to me; and months like years; married men, you know that but for the letters from home," (here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife) "I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts Here are the receipts;" and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment. "I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the testament my good old mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture. Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home and send as much as you can for the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? my family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said a rough ranger. "Now, I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand, old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free; but you're lucky, mind ye."

"We can do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb, and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt; "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

They did, and when the money was paid over and the man about to start he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage-route, and, as they shook hands and bade him good-bye, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

### Man's Rights.

At any little ant hill there may be seen two lines of the industrious creatures—one going out, the other coming in; and another thing may be seen, very wise in its way, they give way to each other, instinctively, promptly. A coarse man met John Randolph one day; the road was so narrow that one party was compelled to step aside. The coarse man promptly took his stand and blurted out: "I never give way to a puppy." "I always do," said Mr. Randolph, and promptly stepped aside.

Suppose any man walks down Broadway with the determination that he will give only half the track to every one he meets. What with the obstructions of some and the hurry of others he will be in a continual jostle, and will be greatly impeded in his way, losing time, temper and politeness. Abstractly he is correct, but the practical working is that, by prompt yielding whenever it is necessary, he will get to his journey's end a great deal sooner, without any ruffiment of temper and no bruises next day.

The men who will have their rights, to the very last cent, are theoretically right but practically wrong, and are certainly among the most disagreeable people in the world—ugly in mind, manners and morals—and the less you have to do with them the better. Nobody can possibly respect them, and they are instinctively shunned by all who have ever had anything to do with them.

A day seldom passes wherein circumstances do not occur making it better to "give in"—to yield a little; it promotes neighborly feeling, and engenders sentiments of cordiality and respect, leaving an impression for generosity and large heartedness which will remain for a lifetime. The moment you see a man willing to give in, that very moment you feel like yielding yourself. But, when two unyielding persons meet, the matter of a few cents often creates life-long animosities. Almost every person will find repeated occasions every day in which it is wiser and better to "give in," and not get the unenviable reputation of being "a great stickler for his rights." In fact, it very often happens that men have their eyes so steadily fixed on their own rights that they cannot see the most palpable rights of others. To be everlastingly contending for our own rights, to be all the time looking out that other people shall not be treading on our own toes, and to be training ourselves up to the necessity of knocking down every man who does, is to cultivate a most unenviable state of mind. A thousand times better is it to take note of the Scripture suggestion to lead a quiet and peaceable life, and thus have the "wisdom that is peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated."—*Dr. Hall.*

### A Free Government Paper.

Following are the provisions of a bill introduced at the late session of Congress by Hon. S. S. Bundy, of Chenango county, N. Y., and now in the hands of the committee on printing:

A United States government paper shall be published weekly by Congress, and a copy sent free to every family in the United States each week, in which shall be printed in the course of each year:

1. The Declaration of Independence.
2. The Constitution of the United States.
3. The Constitution of the several States.
4. The proceedings of Congress.
5. The general duties of the officers of the government, their terms of office and their salaries.
6. The reports of all government officers and of all corporations or institutions that are indebted to, are under the control of, or have received aid from the government in the course of the year.
7. The amount of money received by the government, the source from which it is obtained, and the purposes to which it is applied.
8. A monthly statement of the public debt.
9. All United States government advertisements.
10. Views of American scenery and government buildings, with descriptions thereof, and no other matter, except by act of Congress.

### Memory in Different Races.

M Delaunay has made a communication to the Societe de Biologie respecting memory as studied under various biological conditions. The inferior races of mankind have more memory than those of a higher type of civilization. Primitive races which were unacquainted with the art of writing had a wonderful memory, and were for ages in the habit of handing down from one generation to another hymns as voluminous as the Bible. Promptors and professors of declamation know that woman have more memory than men. French women will learn a foreign language quicker than their husbands. Youths have more memory than adults. It is well developed in children, attains its maximum about the fourteenth or fifteenth year, and then decreases. Feeble individuals of a lymphatic temperament have more memory than the strong. Students who obtain the prize for memory and recitation chiefly belong to the former class. Parisian students have also less memory than those who come from the provinces. At the Ecole Normale and other schools the pupils who have the best memory are not the most intelligent. The memory is more developed among the peasantry than among citizens, and among the clergy than among the laity. The memory remains intact in diseases of the left side of the brain, and is much affected in those of the right, from which it may be inferred that the right side is more the seat of this faculty than the left. From a physiological point of view memory is diminished by over-feeding, by physical exercise, and by education, in this sense, that the illiterate have potentially more memory than those who know how to read and write. We remember, moreover, better in the morning than in the evening, in the summer than in the winter, and better in warm than in cold climates. Memory is, therefore, to a certain extent, in inverse proportion to nutrition, and, more than that, it is in inverse proportion to evolution, since it is greatest in those individuals who are the least advanced from an evolutionary point of view—inferior races, children, the feeble, etc. In short, according to M. Delaunay, there is an evolution of the memory, which is first sensorial, literal, and then intelligent; but memory, properly speaking, diminishes inversely as the evolution!—*Medical Press.*

### A Pet Dog's Fatal Bite.

A distressing case of hydrophobia, resulting in the death of the victim, has occurred in Philadelphia. Mrs. Kern owned a black-and-tan dog, which was quite a pet, and its mistress took it about with her whenever she went out. She was in the habit of taking it into her lap and fondling it, and the animal in its playful mood would snap at her fingers. About the middle of last July she was playing with the dog, when it evinced a desire to snap at her, making two or three attempts to bite her face. In one of these movements the dog caught Mrs. Kern above the bridge of the nose and made a painful wound, the blood appearing freely. As is usual in such cases, the family were greatly alarmed, anticipating an immediate attack of hydrophobia. The dog was killed and the wound cauterized. It healed rapidly, and as time wore on nothing more was thought of it.

On a recent Wednesday, however, the woman became seriously ill, and exhibited such strange symptons that the fears of the family began to awaken. A doctor was called in, and he at once pronounced the symptons those of hydrophobia. Her friends were told to prepare for the worst, and it came soon enough. Gradually but surely the awful disease began to assert itself, and the patient grew unconscious under its terrible influences. She writhed and tossed in her bed, barked like a dog, and acted in a manner which was pitiful to behold. At length she became so delirious that her friends could do nothing with her. Four stout policemen were secured, and when the spasms attacked the patient it required the united efforts of these men to hold her upon the bed. What made the case worse was that between the attacks the victim had lucid intervals. She fully realized her condition, and begged her friends to keep away from her, or she would bite them. This state of affairs continued from Wednesday night until Friday morning, when a spasm more severe than any of its predecessors attacked the lady, and during its continuance she died.

### A Bill of Fare in Japan.

The following is the bill of fare of a dinner given in honor of General Grant by the citizens of Nagasaki, Japan:

The bill of fare was almost a volume, and embraced over fifty courses. The wine was served in unglazed porcelain wine cups on white wooded stands. The appetite was pampered in the beginning with dried fish, edible seaweeds and isinglass in something of the Scandinavian style, except that the attempt did not take the form of brandy and raw fish. The first serious dish was composed of crane, seaweed, moss, rice bread and potatoes, which we picked over in a curious way, as though we were at an auction sale of remnants, anxious to rummage out a bargain. The soup when it first came—for it came many times—was an honest soup of fish, like a delicate fish chowder. Then came strange dishes, as ragout and as soup, in bewildering confusion. The first was called namasu, and embodied fish, clams, chestnuts, rock mushrooms and ginger. Then, in various combinations, the following: Duck, truffles, turnips, dried bonito, melons, pressed salt, aromatic shrubs, snipe, egg-plant, jelly, boiled rice, snapper, shrimp, potatoes, mushroom, cabbage, lassfish, orange flowers, powdered fish flavored with plum-juice and walnuts, raw carp sliced, mashed fish, baked fish, isinglass, fish boiled with pickled beans, wine and rice again. This all came in the first course, and as a finale to the course there was a sweetmeat composed of white and red bean jelly-cake and boiled black mushroom. With this came powdered tea, which had a green, monitory look and suggested your earliest experiences in medicine.

### Muscle that Resisted Steam Power.

At Trenton, N. J., just before the bell at Gill's Agricultural Works, on Carroll street, struck the hour of closing, one of the machinists, named Joseph Bailey, was working at a large drill press in the machine-room. As he turned round to leave the machine, the folds of his shirt became fastened in the gearing of the machinery and had it not been for his great strength and remarkable coolness he might have been fearfully torn by the rapidly-revolving machinery. Mr. Bailey is considered one of the strongest if not the most powerful man in Trenton, and when he found himself trapped by the machinery he settled his giant strength in his lower limbs, and, bracing himself firmly on the floor, stood like an iron pillar while the machinery ripped the clothing off his body in broad strips, making it snap as it gave way like the breaking of lath. The men in the shop, fully realizing Mr. Bailey's dangerous position, could do nothing but laugh when they saw how coolly he resisted the powerful dragging of the pulleys. This is only one of the many exhibitions of Mr. Bailey's great strength, and in this instance it was rather a grim sort of humor.

### Never Despair.

I fain would impress on
The weary and sad
The truths of a lesson
In metaphor clad.

Still in life's journey the
Bravest do best—
Still on life's journey we
Hanker for rest.

Innocent merriment
Shortens the mile;
Try the experiment
Once in a while.

Face your foes fearlessly,
"Never say die"
Trials, tak'n fearlessly
Lightsomely lie.

Our tear drops are lenses
That magnify ills;
They cozen our senses
Till hillocks seem hills.

And faces grow wrinkled,
While tresses with gray
Grow speedily sprinkled
When woe has her way.

Horrors may haunt you, but
Foul may grow fair;
Dangers may daunt you, but
"Never despair."

Verily, verily,
Judge as you may,
He who toils merrily
Carries the day.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A fat contributor—The hog.

A ship ruled by women—Courtship.

The farmer for the fair—A husband-man.

A doughmestic difficulty—Heavy bread.

Bat shooting is the popular pastime a Richmond, Va.

Three lumber mills at Apoka, Minn., pay $12,000 a month in wages.

A meteor weighing 300 pounds has been found on a Rockford (Ill.) farm.

An oyster takes four years to grow to full size and have a furnished house to live in.—*Picayune.*

A Monroe county (Wis.) woman gave birth to a fourteen-pound babe, and the next day worked in the harvest field.

An illicit still has been discovered in full operation in the fashionable part of Washington, and within two squares of the White House.

The *Lumberman's Gazette* estimates the annual consumption of railroad ties and sleepers in the United States as 30,000,000, or thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres.

"That's capital ale," said a beer-drinker to a teetotaler; "see how long it keeps its head." "Aye," was the reply, "but consider how soon it takes away yours."

"Now you will admit you are licked?" yelled the upper man in a street fight. "No, sir," replied the under chap, "I ain't licked, but—but I'm satisfied."—*Derrick.*

There are still over 8,000,000 acres of unoccupied lands in Illinois. The total number of acres under cultivation is 25,031,468, the average value of which is $14.38 per acre.

James Bullock, of Walton county, Ga., while hoeing in a cotton field recently, found concealed in a stump $10,000 in gold and silver and a pile of greenbacks. The paper money had rotted.

It is pretty nearly time for some old resident to examine the thickness of the corn husk and predict a hard winter. The goose bone will not be heard from until Thanksgiving.—*Middletown Transcript.*

A Paris journal wants the space now occupied by the Tuileries, together with the adjoining gardens and grounds, to be converted into a "Park Central," "analogous to the Central Park of New York."

A sheet of paper dipped in chloride of cobalt when the weather is to be dry and pleasant will become blue. When wet weather approaches it will turn pink. The barometer flowers of France are thus manufactured.

The report of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that the deposits in savings banks in the year ending May 31 last amounted to $774,475,000, of which nearly one-third are held in New York and Brooklyn.

The Mongols ascertained the number of the enemies slain by cutting off the right ear of each of the dead. In 1239 they collected 270,000 of these from the plains of Russia, and after the battle of Leignitz, in 1241, filled with right ears nine enormous sacks.

There are five families living near New Jerusalem, Berks county, Pa., who have among them no less than eighty-five children. One family numbers twenty-one children, and others, which have had but one mother, number eighteen, seventeen and fourteen respectively.

At a recent session of the Anthropological Society of Paris, a debate took place on the origin of the blonde race of mankind. Some of the speakers considered that the region of Turkistan was their original seat—while others maintained that they had originated in Europe.

A Cleveland (Ohio) boy, eleven years old, who lost both his legs by a railroad train passing over them last October, has had four amputations of both limbs since, and although his case was given up as an hopeless one several times, yet the little fellow's grit has carried him safely through, and his health has been entirely restored.

A half dozen drugs seem to be sufficient to combat all kinds of disease. During the last Turko-Russian war the medical staff of the Russian army ordered 38,000 pounds of quinine, 16,000 pounds of chloroform, 130,000 pounds of castor oil, and several thousand pounds of opium, gum arabic, camphor and carbolic acid. With these they felt prepared for all emergencies.

### "Hawkeye" Hilarity.

"Ready for lunch, Dr. Pullikens?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," said the dentist; "I'm mawful hungry."

The magistrate looked at him in sorrowful silence for a moment, and then rejoined:

"And I'm justice dry as I can be."

The dentist was tongue to the quick, but recovered in time to tell his friend that he evidently needed filling.

"Bartholomew," the old merchant said to his second bookkeeper, "you are looking bilious. Aren't you feeling well?"

Bartholomew admits that he isn't feeling right pert, and details his symptoms, whereat his kind-hearted, but deluded, employer shakes his head gravely and says:

"This won't do you; you will break down; you must see a physician; you must take something."

And before he is well around the corner the invalid rushes out and "takes something," and says he will see the physician about the time the appearance of the menagerie makes it necessary.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

**Fashion Notes.**

Short bridal dresses with court trains are to be the style this winter they say.

Plaid velvet in one color and in Scotch combinations will be used for trimming winter dresses.

New white muslin neckties are of the soft creamy India mull, with tiny polka dots of blue, black, or red.

Small quilted manties are announced by a good authority as likely to supersede long coats and large wraps.

Bonnets covering the ears and trimmed all around with tufts of feathers are preferred to the wide-brimmed Rembrandt hats.

Camel's hair, cashmere, and a rough cloth much like bunting, but somewhat heavier, are the materials of the dresses prepared for autumn.

New French thread stockings are ecru, with pin dots of black, or else tiny stars. Another style has stripes of black running lengthwise of the stockings.

The kilted flounce basted inside the skirts of long dresses is to be replaced by a plain band of percale trimmed with three rows of Swiss embroidery.

New satines of dark garnet, sapphire, or green grounds have polka dots in gay Cashmere colors, several bright tints in each dot, and scarcely any two dots alike.

White satin brocade wrought with threads of gold or of silver is new for bridal dresses. There are also tinted blue, cream or pink brocades with tinsel threads.

Sealskin dolmans are to be worn next winter. They have sleeve-like sides that fold over the front, are bordered with silver otter, and are lined with scarlet or old gold satin.

The new Ulsters are of gray or drab English waterproof, made double-breasted and with a princesse back not belted. The new feature is the hood, which takes the shape of a cap with a visor and very effectually protects the head from rain or snow.

Rose-petal underskirts are to come in fashion next, it is said. They are composed of overlapping scallops of pink foulard or pink flannel bound with silk. These scallops are arranged in rows from the lower edge to the waist, and the skirts are very warm.

A dust-colored wideawake, very soft and very furry, is one of the hats shown for the autumn. It is pinched in at the sides and turned up over the forehead, and a large knot of red plush makes the face trimming. It is said to be becoming and to have an autocratic aspect.

**The Duties of Matrimony.**

A wise old lady writes this: Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evenings when he would not come at all, or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; of his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as the gas bill. She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is often not her fault if she does not succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share of the attention, and yet so often does not get that little share. Therefore a word to the girls in this connection is in order; beware of a man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

**Cure for Dyspepsia.**

Milk and lime-water are now frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach, and in some cases are said to prove beneficial. Many persons who think good bread and milk a great luxury frequently hesitate to eat it, for the reason that milk will not digest readily; sourness of the stomach will often follow. But experience proves that lime-water and milk are not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when, as in the case of infants, the functions of digestion and assimilation have been seriously impaired. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease, or otherwise unfitted for its duties—as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, dysentery and fever—may resume its work, and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime-water.

A goblet of cow's milk may have four tablespoonfuls of lime-water added to it with good effect. The way to make lime-water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslaked lime, put the lime in a stone jar, add water until the lime is slaked and about the consistency of thin cream; the lime settles, leaving the pure and clean lime-water at the top. Great care should be taken not to get the lime-water too strong. Keep to the direction as to the consistency, and when the water rises pour it off without obtaining any of the lime. The lime-water is also very good to apply to burns and scalds. In slaking the lime, particular care should be taken that none of the particles fly into the eyes.

**Water and Disease.**

A book has recently appeared in Leipsic in which the author, Professor Jager, maintains that an increased proportion of water in the tissues and humors of the body is one of the most essential conditions of liability to disease. We guard against disease if we attend to making the body yield as much water as possible through skin and lungs, and avoid all that favors the accumulation of water. Jager recommends: 1. Wearing close-fitting woolen clothing throughout the year. 2. From time to time engaging in bodily movements which promote perspiration, on which account he regards vigorous gymnastic exercises in schools as an important preventive of disease among children. 3. On an outbreak of disease, the use of vapor or sweating baths, of drinks that excite perspiration (tea, coffee, etc.), and of food that does the same (strongly seasoned, especially with Spanish pepper). 4. Constant ventilation of sitting and bed-rooms, so that the moisture of the air may not become great. The author holds that the specific gravity of a living body is an accurate criterion for the strength of constitution of a man or a domestic animal, *i. e.*, for its capability of resistance to causes of disease (chills, infection, etc.), and its power of work, bodily and mental.